

One Bad Night (Day) by Croatoanvirus2014

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Summary:

"Steve hated him. Hated the stupid way he always had his tongue sticking out, hated the way he always smirked like he was better than everybody else. He especially hated the way that he could way too easily knock him on his ass. Billy Hargrove was an asshole with a superiority complex, and he was beyond frustrated with the way he acted."

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Author's Note:

Join me in the sin bin I hope u like this and uh leave a comment if u do

Also I didn't mark it as underage because in my mind they're both 18 and like... Both actors are over 18 so

Sorry queen hayley kiyoko for using ur song title in this hell fic I know it's v disrespectful

Steve hated him. Hated the stupid way he always had his tongue sticking out, hated the way he always smirked like he was better than everybody else. He especially hated the way that he could way too easily knock him on his ass. Billy Hargrove was an asshole with a superiority complex, and he was beyond frustrated with the way he acted. Not that he would ever show it, of course. There was no way in hell that he was giving him the satisfaction of knowing that he got under his skin every time he made another asinine comment towards him. What right did he have to call him “pretty boy?” Yeah, Steve may put considerable effort into maintaining his hairdo, and might dress in decent clothes, but why were either of those things treated like an insult? It was as if Billy’s whole purpose in life was meant to annoy him as much as he could, and he did a damn good job at it. One day, Steve finally decided to take the only valuable piece of advice the shithead had given him: to plant his feet, and draw a charge.

“Nice going pretty boy, missing *another* free throw today,” Billy slapped him on the back, a little harder than entirely necessary. Steve had enough.

“Hey, Hargrove!” He started to yell, “How about you shut the hell up and admit that you’ve also missed just as many free throws as I have today?” Billy was already glaring at him, but Steve stood his ground and continued on, “Oh what, don’t want to admit that you’re just as incredibly average as the rest of us? Is that it? I know, it would just

be awful to admit that you're no better than me, but you know what?" Billy had both fists clenched, "You're worse than me, asshole! At least I try to play fair, instead of you, who clearly has some sort of anger issue where you just want to start a fight with anybody that so much as looks at you wrong."

Steve had hit the floor by the end of the last sentence, and could already feel the blood dripping from his nose. Still, he had finally made his point. Billy was hovering over top of him, a pissed off expression on his face. And yet, he still held out his hand to lift him off the ground, and took him to the nurse's office. Needless to say, Steve was a bit confused.

A week passed by same as usual, Billy throwing insults his way and acting just like he always did: haughty, belligerent, and fucking irritating. After last week Steve had vowed to himself that he was going to work even harder to become better than Billy, and that was what he had done. He stayed after practice each day, shooting hoops, lifting weights, and running laps around the gym. Steve was determined to be better than him, even if it was a bit exhausting.

It was a Wednesday afternoon when the Incident happened. Steve had stayed after practice, as was usual now, and Billy, having nowhere better to be, decided to do the same. The two of them were on opposite sides of the gym, shooting basketballs into hoops, practicing dribbling drills, and silently trying to one-up the other. Steve kept looking over his shoulder to see if Billy gave up yet, but it was evident that he had not. He was clearly sweating, his chest nearly glistening with it, and his tongue was sticking out in determination.

"Like what you see, King Steve?" Billy shouted.

"Will you shut the hell up for once in your life?" Steve groaned.

"Nobody tells me what to do, ever," Billy smirked, and god if that didn't piss Steve off more than anything else. The way he acted like he was above everybody, and that nobody could make him do anything. He was determined to somehow prove him wrong.

"How about I make you a bet: if I make these next five free throws in

a row, you either be quiet, or you leave.”

“Interesting. You know what? I think I’ll take that bet.” Billy Hargrove didn’t take bets that he thought he was going to lose.

The first two shots swished through the net without a hitch, and Steve was feeling confident in himself. He had been practicing, and it showed in how he easily he flicked his wrist while shooting. The third shot banked off the backboard, but still made it in as easily as he expected. *I’m actually going to win this bet*, was the thought running through his mind when the fourth shot bounced off the rim into the net.

“Looks like you’re about to lose, Hargrove,” Steve grinned. As he was preparing to take the fifth shot, Billy had walked towards him, now standing uncomfortably close behind him. Steve rolled his eyes, not caring in the least. Honestly, nothing could break his concentration right now. He was too focused.

Steve took a deep breath, shot the ball, and lost the bet. It had hit the rim, again, but a second later hit the wooden floors of the gym. Steve felt a wave of dread wash over him, knowing that Billy was never going to let him live this down.

“Oh no, what’s wrong pretty boy?” Billy teased him, “Did you get distracted?” He whispered in his ear. Steve turned around, facing him now, and punched his face, fed up with him. Billy laughed. He fucking laughed. Steve was annoyed that he had the audacity to laugh in his face after he had just hit him.

“You’re a sick fuck, you know that?” Steve asked him, gritting his teeth, “Can you just grow up, please?” Steve started to walk away, dejected, when Billy grabbed his wrist. Steve tried to just shake it off, but Billy’s grip on it was way too strong.

“Let go of me, asshole!” Steve yelled. Before he could say another word, Billy pulled him up against his chest. Steve had no clue what game he was trying to play now, but at the very least, he was intrigued. He raised one eyebrow, and before he could start asking questions he felt Billy’s lips pressed against his own. Of all the things that he expected, this was definitively not one of them. A fist to the

face? Would've been expected. Him getting shoved to the ground? Would've been expected. But the feeling of (chapped) lips pressed against his own, roughly, was the exact opposite of what he could've expected.

“What the fuck, Hargrove?”

“You know, I wasn’t joking when I called you pretty,” Billy replied.

Steve didn’t know what compelled him to kiss back, but that’s exactly what he did. He didn’t know why he did it, but he knew that it felt good, and that when he shoved Billy to the ground he finally felt like he had control over him for the first time possibly ever. What they were doing resembled biting more than kissing, and Steve was biting down hard on Billy’s bottom lip. He yanked his hair roughly, wanting to fuck him up in whatever way possible. Billy was shocked by what was happening, but he wasn’t complaining in the least. He was moaning quietly as Steve started nibbling on his neck, knowing that he would be covered in bruises for the next few days. He couldn’t care less.

“Oh what, finally decided to be quiet now Billy? What a fucking shock,” Steve said as he lifted Billy’s shirt over his head and tossing it on the floor next to them. Billy let out a gasp when he felt Steve’s hands roaming up and down his chest. He would rather die than let Steve think that he had finally won.

“Thought you liked it when I was quiet, shouldn’t you be enjoying it?” His smirk was quickly replaced with a moan when Steve sucked another mark into his neck. “Bet you wish I was Nancy, don’t you?”

“You know what? I did like it better when you were quiet,” Steve decided as he pressed his lips against Billy’s again, slipping tongue into the kiss. Steve kissed him slowly, grinding his hips into him as the kiss deepened. Steve took his own shirt off after a few minutes of languid kissing, feeling suddenly like it was way too hot. Not seconds after taking his shirt off, he felt Billy’s hands pull his chest down against his own, craving more contact. One of his hands wound through Billy’s hair, surprised with how soft it actually was. Steve made a sudden move to suck on Billy’s nipple, and Billy was done for. He tried to grab Steve’s hips, but before he could do that he felt both

his wrists being held down against the floor. Steve would be damned if he let Billy think that he had any sort of control in this situation.

“You’re the worst,” Billy gasped when Steve had started trailing kisses down his stomach. In response, Steve rolled his hips harder, loving the way that Billy groaned whenever he did so. He was squirming underneath him, trying to get the friction he so desperately needed, though he knew it was a futile attempt. He knew he was under Steve’s control, and that may have turned him on more than anything else he was doing.

“Yeah, but you love it,” Steve whispered in his ear, sending shivers down his spine. He placed a few wet, sloppy kisses across his jawline before returning to his nipples. He flicked his tongue over them feather-light, amused with how much Billy was really into this. He finally decided to let Billy’s hands free, and the moment he did he felt nails raking their way down his back, rough and fast like he was trying to grab onto any and every inch of skin that he was allowed to. Steve no longer cared who had control over this. It felt too good. He gave no protest when Billy grabbed him and flipped him onto his back, pinning him down with his hips. Steve’s mouth was wide open, and he was panting heavily. He knew he wasn’t going to be able to hold out for much longer.

“Billy, I’m,” Steve couldn’t even finish his sentences at this point.

“You’re what, princess?” Billy had one hand placed on the front of Steve’s shorts, directly on top of his crotch.

“You know what, asshole,” Steve groaned.

“I know, just wanna hear you say it,” Billy smirked, pressing kisses to Steve’s neck, purposely slow. He could hear him whining, and he loved it.

“I’m gonna come in my fucking shorts if you keep this up,” The words rushed out of Steve’s mouth before he could stop himself.

“Good,” Billy’s teeth tugged on his earlobe. He started stroking Steve’s cock through his shorts, so slowly that it could almost be considered torture. He picked up his pace as he moved his lips from

Steve's neck to his collarbone, drawing out a loud moan from him when he bit down on his exposed skin. Steve didn't know what he wanted besides more.

"Fuck," was the only warning that Steve was able to yell out before he was coming in his shorts. He should've been more embarrassed by it, but the way Billy was looking at him like he was this creature of wonder made Steve's head spin and heart beat faster. He felt lips being pressed gently against his own as Billy finished himself off, Steve too fucked to offer any sort of assistance. Not that he planned on helping anyways; it was much more fascinating to watch him. Steve returned the kiss, placing one hand gently on Billy's cheek. A few seconds later and he felt Billy's come on his chest. He was almost pissed that he didn't have any sort of warning, but then Billy called him pretty again and he couldn't care less.

"What did we just do?" Steve asked in between kisses.

"Does it really matter?"

"Guess not," Steve shrugged.

If the whole team noticed that Steve and Billy were getting along better from that day forward, they never mentioned it.